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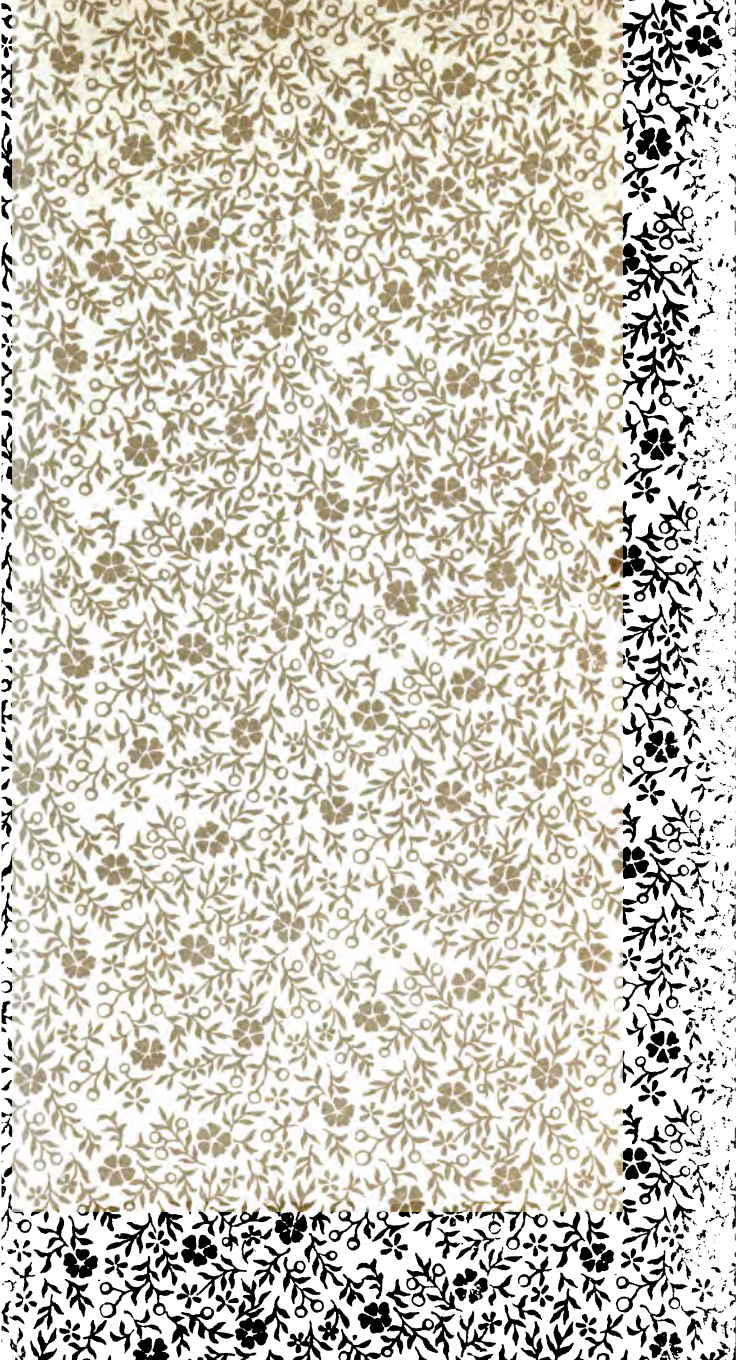
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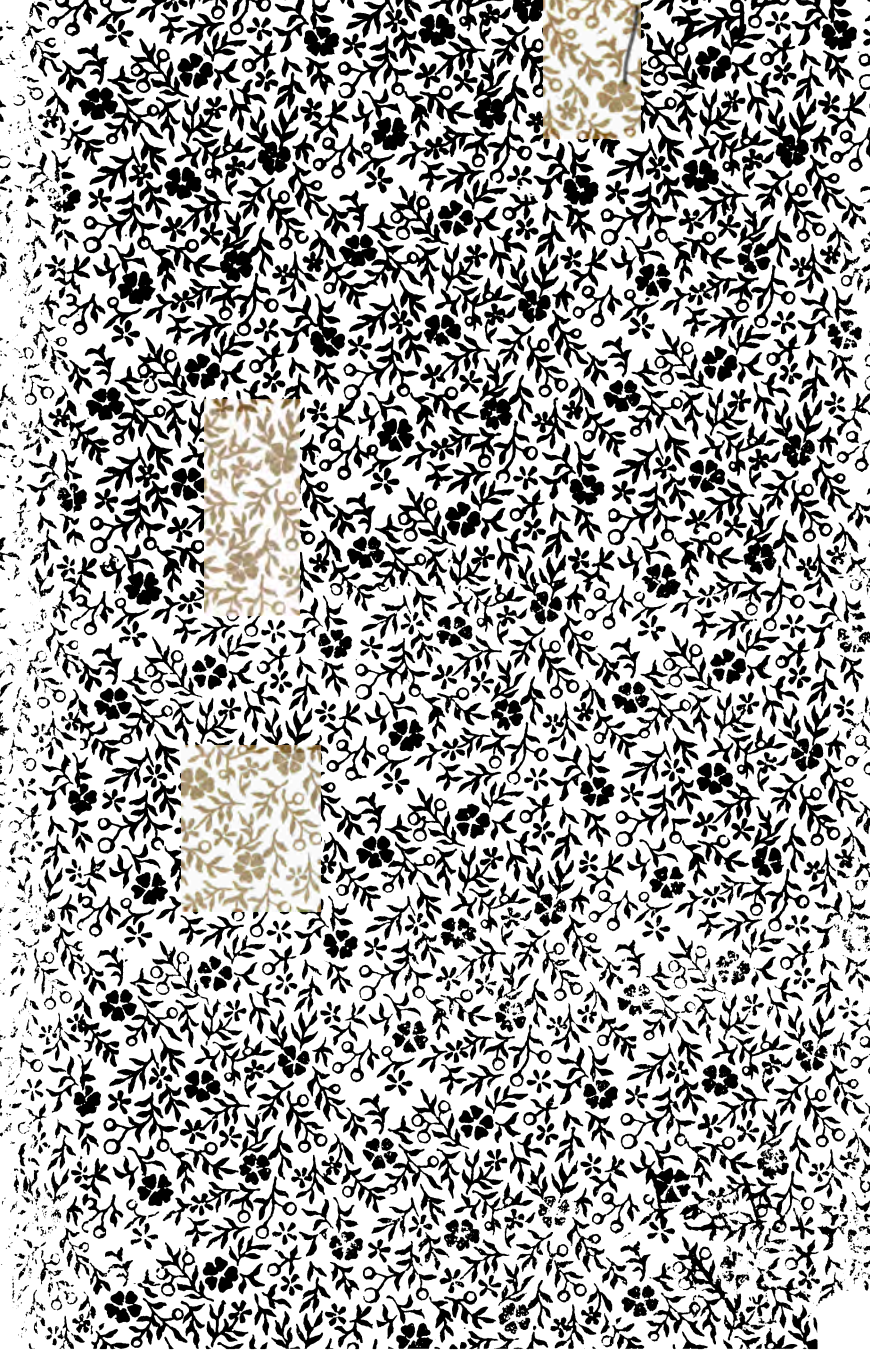
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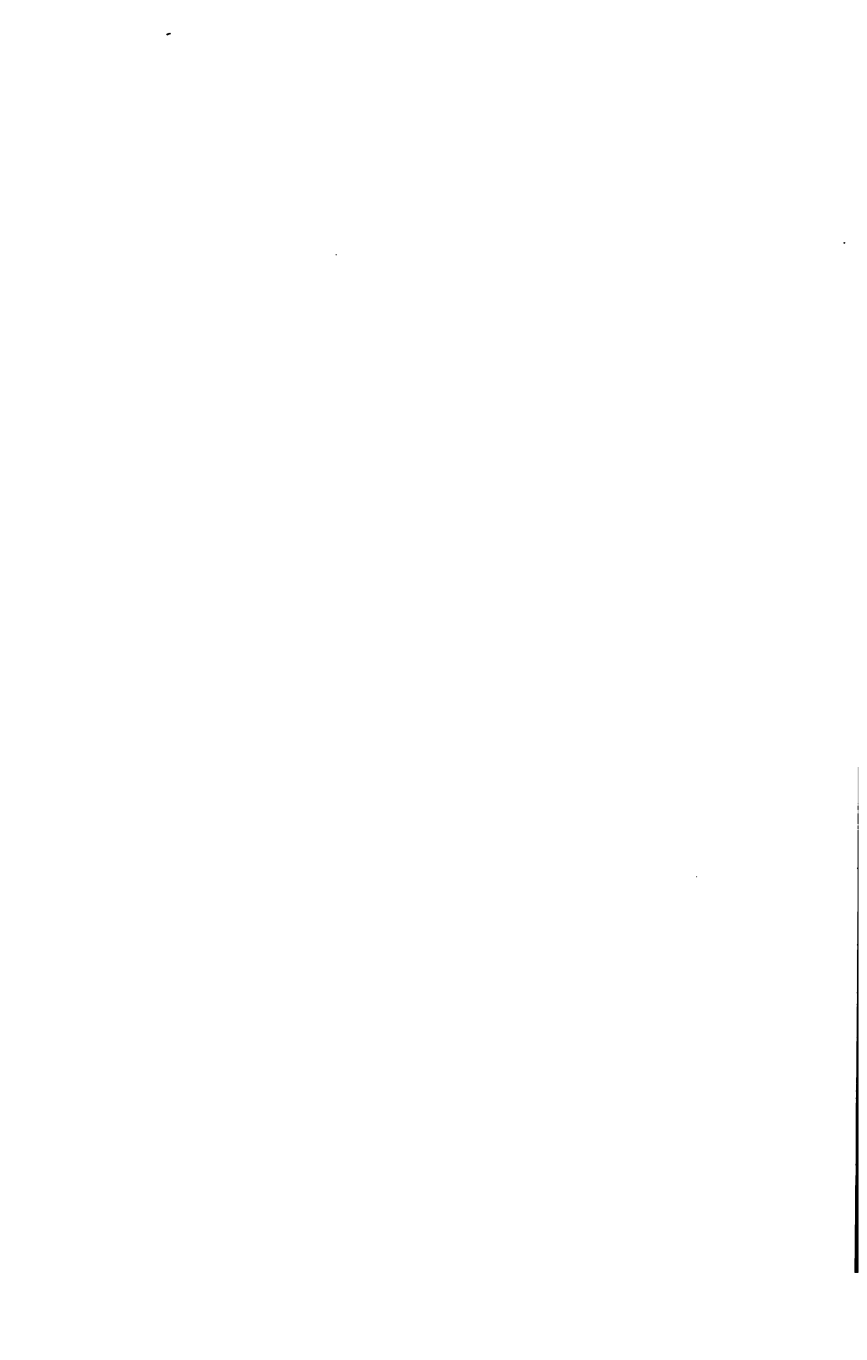
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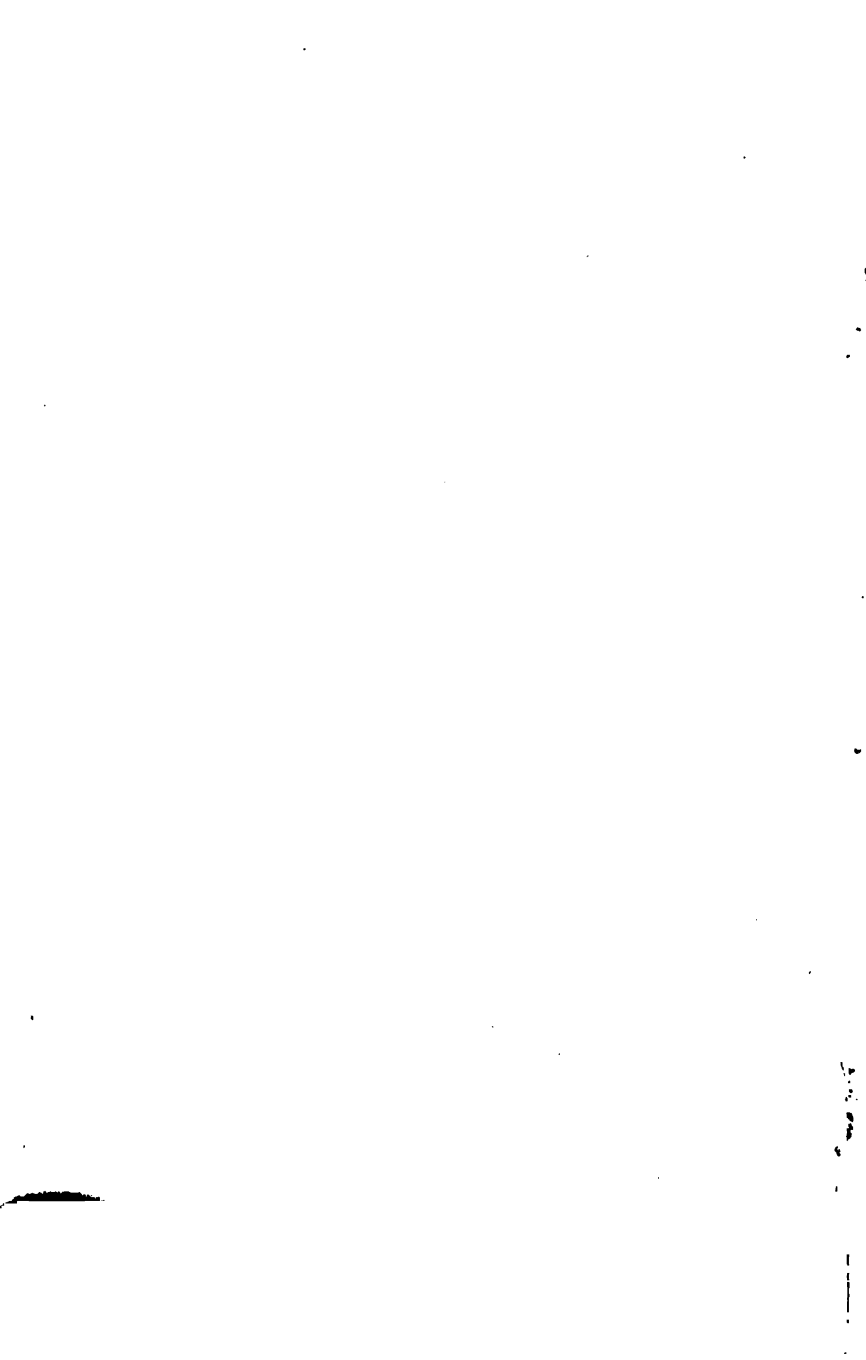


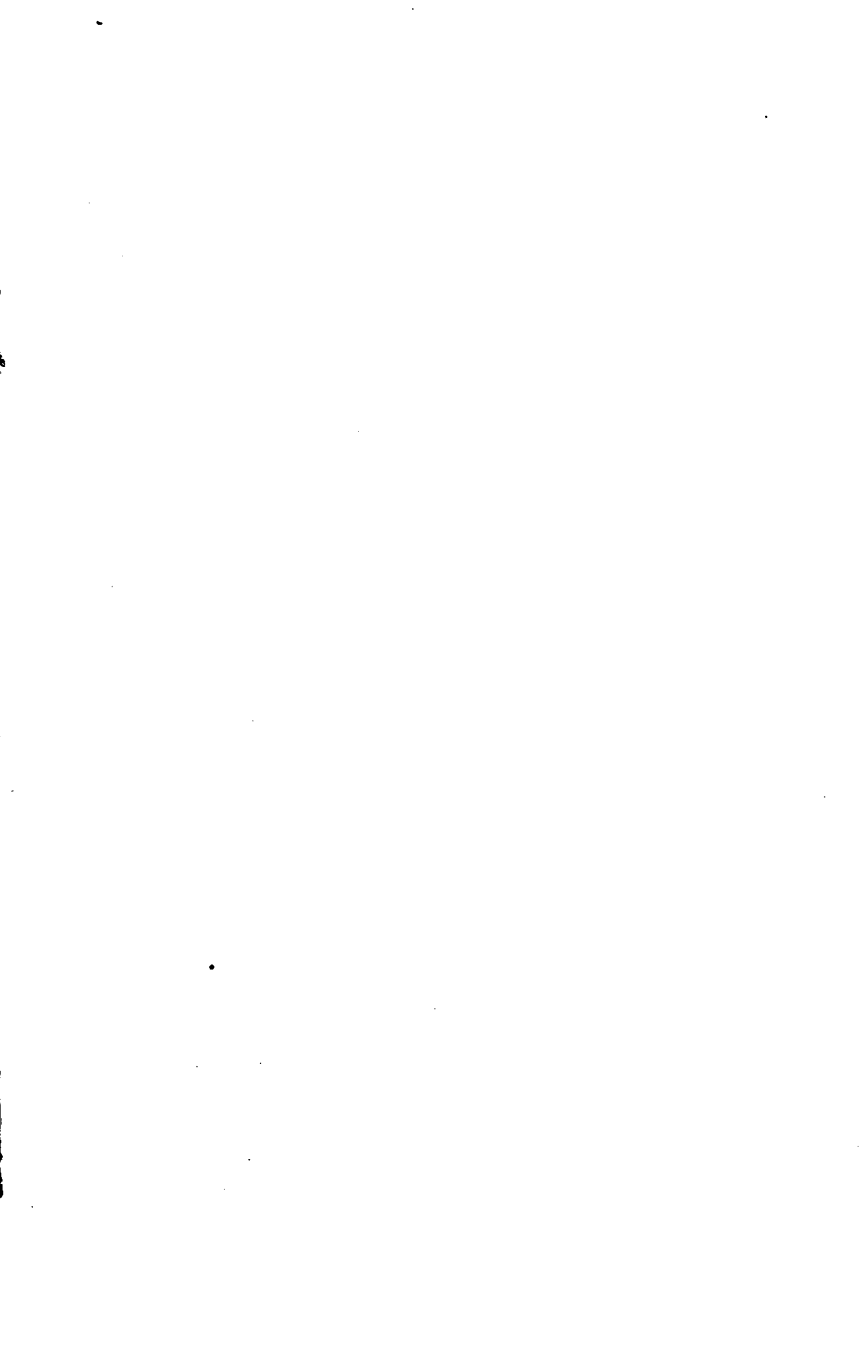




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# A LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

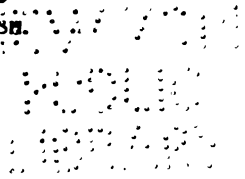
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By  
JAMES G. FERBRACHE  
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**A LEGEND OF THE  
KOOTENAI TRAIL**





## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

### **PART ONE**

In Kootenai Country, in its mating time,  
When June and love and happiness are prime,  
When ardent lovers plead with suasive arts  
To win sweet passion in their loved ones' hearts.

'Twas then that Julian Fern in youth's array,  
Rowed down the Kootenai River's winding way:  
Past Bonners Ferry, onward still he rowed,  
Until the Kootenai Indian Mission showed.

Here for a while, beside a shady tree,  
He moored his boat, and rested leisurely;  
Came Morpheus, and touched him with his wand,  
And soothing slumber showed him Fairyland.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

Convoyed by slumber for his soothing guide,  
In some enchanted life he seemed to glide,  
By sparkling fountains, into shady bowers,  
Mongst singing birds and fairy maids and flowers.

The queen of fairies greeted him with cheer,  
"You're welcome, stranger, ever welcome here.  
This is not Paradise, but still we hold,  
'Tis very near, 'tis free from crime and gold."

"These have been wreckers since the time of man,  
Upon his happiness they've forced their ban.  
Gold is the beast, his mercenary, crime,  
Without his Lord, would perish in his slime.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Gold is the fetter that has ever bound  
You dupes of earth, and held you to the ground.  
What self-destructive men proud earth contains!  
To sell their freedom for financial gains!

“A race of people living in a land  
That God has given them to rule, command,  
To build into one vast, grand brotherhood  
Where man’s ambition is for moral good.

“To have that people shackled to the earth  
By Satan’s dupes who boast financial worth,  
To have them rule a government entire,  
And use its force for mercenary hire.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

**“We fairies can’t refrain from shedding tears  
To see proud earth’s submissive volunteers,  
Who hold their mental faculties as naught,  
And let the Shylock masters plan their lot.**

**“We fairies live as one grand sisterhood;  
We work in harmony for moral good.  
No malice, neither envy do we hold,  
And furthermore, we have no crime nor gold.**

**“In Fairyland we’re often quite amused  
To see how earth kind justice has abused.  
Here we have justice, and we need no law,  
Earth has killed justice with its golden flaw.**

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Your financiers say law is justice, still  
They plan those laws their money chests to fill.  
The rich make law co-partner in their crime,  
And smother justice with the golden grime.

“If ethics and aesthetics could supplant  
The gold-made law on which the masters cant,  
And justice could be meted out to all,  
What suffering your people could forestall.

“You, sir, are starting on life’s paved road,  
With health and joy and youth to be your load.  
Guard them with fervor, lest they go astray,  
And leave you burdened on the rocky way.

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“When vice enticing, beckons you to call,  
And be partaker at his carnal stall,  
Oh, shun him, spurn him, with thy might and main,  
Preclude the bitters of a future pain.

“Trust not in friendship, have one friend indeed,  
Be your own friend, and your own counsel heed.  
Though money tempt, and poverty betray,  
You’ll find that friendship stronger ev’ry day.

“Boast not too much, for boasting has a way  
Of aggravating those who hear you bray.  
’Twere better to be mute, and plaudits gain  
Than brag of self and show a shallow brain.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Be good and kind to those you find in need;  
It were the sowing of a precious seed,  
That will grow jewels of the rarest kind,  
And be the founder of a noble mind.

“You soon shall love, before the day is done  
Your heart’s new feelings shall declare the one.  
And on life’s screen, in panoramic view,  
You’ll find this maiden ever true to you.

“When you have met the lassie you adore,  
Make her your dearest treasure evermore.  
Remember she has left friends, home and all  
To be the flower for your heart’s enthrall.



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“I now must go, for Morpheus draws nigh  
To lift the drowsy cover from your eye.  
Heed well my counsel as you go through life;  
'Twill be precursor of good o'er strife.”

“Methinks a dream has trifled with my mind,”  
Mused Julian Fern, “ 'Twas lofty and refined,  
That fairy dream I'll make my mental light,  
And muse and heed its counsel day and night.

“ 'Twere well it was a dream, or else I vow  
My heart would be love mated even now.  
She was a vision wondrous to behold,  
And she viewed man as man, and not for gold.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Hark, noisy ears, hark to the melodies  
Now being wafted hither by the breeze.  
'Tis down the river, thither I must speed;  
That voice is feminine, and sweet indeed.

“E'en now my heart with pit-a-pat delight  
Is beating at my side with eager might.  
Be silent, heart, I long to hear each note  
That warbles from that unseen trilling throat.

It seems to elevate, enthuse, inspire  
My mind to actions nobler, grander, higher.  
Where earth might envy and kind Heaven smile  
To see grand thoughts supplanting earthly guile.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Sing on, sweet singer, with thy melody,  
Thou hast my soul surcharged with ecstasy,  
Nor ever has my heart such capers made  
Before I made this sleeping escapade.”

Sweet, beautiful and kind, with heart as true  
As ever steadfast star in Heaven's blue  
Was Fannie Verne, the man that won her heart  
Would have true love, devoid of fickle art.

False modesty she never could endure,  
But cast it from her as a thing impure.  
On all occasions she was e'er sincere  
And to her friends, beloved ever dear.

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

In leisure moments, with her boat and oars  
She often rowed along the Kootenai's shores;  
Nor wind, nor wave seemed eager with their power  
To disappoint her at her boating hour.

“ 'Tis June,” she mused as gently up the stream  
She rowed the boat, “and life is one grand dream.  
The birds are singing, and I' too' shall sing,  
And bid the zephyrs waft my song to wing.”

### SONG

You came to me, my love, 'twas our first wooing,  
Your soul was there, and entered into mine;  
I knew no love, but only guessed its doing,  
Until you blessed me with that love of thine.  
Until you told me you were mine forever,  
My doubting heart made happy for all time.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

You are my love, could any other maiden  
In lieu of you be offered for my own;  
You are my queen, my soul love revelation;  
I'd spurn them all, and plead your love alone.  
You are enshrined upon my heart forever,  
My soul has made you princess o'er its throne.

Her singing ceased, the breezes took her lay,  
And wafted it along the waterway.  
She steered the boat toward its homing strand,  
A near her home upon a clearing land.

She rose, she tripped, the boat unsteady grew,  
And caused her plunge into the waters blue.  
Now Julian Fern was rowing down the stream,  
He saw her sink, he heard her frightened scream.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

With ev'ry muscle at its highest strain,  
He rowed his boat that sinking form to gain.  
Twice as he rowed she disappeared from view,  
And twice he saw her on the waters blue.

Once more she rose, the third time, he was nigh,  
More firm his muscles to the oars did ply.  
He gained her side, she sank beneath the wave,  
He quickly dived that singing life to save.

How long submerged, he held his breath, his life  
Seemed nigh to bursting with the smothered strife.  
At last his prize secured, he made his way  
Upon the surface of the waterway.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

Adown the river on its eastern shore,  
From Mission Church, perhaps a mile or more,  
Dwelt Mary Verne upon a valley home,  
And made her living from the fertile loam.

Some years before her husband left this life  
And thus his work devolved upon the wife.  
With Fannie Verne, her child, to ease her cares,  
She'd thwarted most of worry's fading hairs.

Employing Indians from the Mission home  
To till and farm the fertile valley loam,  
To garner in and store the crops away,  
With her it seemed success had come to stay.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

How bright the world, she thought, how bright and  
grand,

The sun is shining o'er the Kootenai land.

The sweetest blooms by Flora's gentle care

With flowers beautiful grow everywhere.

"How blessed I am to have a child so good,

Grown to the form of perfect womanhood.

Some time she'll love and leave her mother's nest,

And trust her heart upon another's breast.

"I've luncheon ready now, and Fannie dear,

I wonder what's amiss, you are not here.

Hark! what was that, a voice, a frightened scream?

It is my child upon the Kootenai stream."



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

She quickly hastened to the river's shore,  
She saw the empty boats, and nothing more.  
Her daughter, drowned, where then was happiness?  
Naught left for her but sorrow's deep distress.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "is this thy gentle love,  
To take my child, my all, my darling dove?  
If Thou must take a life, oh take Thou mine,  
I'd bless Thee for this kindly act of Thine."

A ripple burst upon the waters blue,  
Almost as quickly came two forms to view.  
Hope thrilled the mother's breast; her daughter fair  
Was brought to rescue by a stranger's care.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

At last, ashore, the stranger lent his aid  
To succor life unto the deathlike maid.  
They toiled in silence till a normal glow  
Of life upon the maiden's form did show.

The mother then did speak, "Sir, you alone,  
I have to thank for bringing back my own.  
The noble spirit you have shown today,  
Has made you welcome to my home alway.

"My daughter, too, will welcome you as soon  
As she's recovered from her nervous swoon.  
She's been much petted by her mother dear,  
And by her mother nearly spoiled, I fear."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

The man then spoke, "My thanks I offer thee  
For the great praise which you accredit me;  
I did that which another would have done,  
I'm thankful that I was the timely one."

"However, I'm a stranger here today,  
Just drifted down this regal waterway;  
I like this land so beautiful, sublime,  
I'll revel in its grandeur for a time."

"Sir," said the lady, "make my house your home  
Until it is your wont again to roam.  
Quite oft the trav'ler pauses on his way,  
Accepts our home and spends a restful day."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

The man replied, "I thank you, but once more  
I needs must bring our floating crafts ashore.  
My boat contains dry clothing I require,  
Your daughter now is safe, so I'll retire."

"My name is Julian Fern, I've landed here,  
From eastern lands to hunt the bear and deer.  
To fish for trout that swim the mountain brooks,  
To study Nature's scenes outside of books."

"Much I have heard about this valley land,  
About its scenery, inspiring, grand,  
But little dreamed Dame Nature everywhere,  
Had carved this country with such wondrous care."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

### **PART TWO**

Spoke Julian Fern, "pray list to me today,  
And let my heart tell what it has to say.  
You won my love when first I heard you sing,  
And now you only happiness can bring."

"I love you, Fannie Verne," believe in me,  
My very soul cries longingly for thee.  
Oh! tell me not my love is all in vain,  
My heart is bursting with the doubtful strain."

"To know you love me, and my knowing you,  
In loving me I know you will be true.  
Kings may extol their lofty, envious throne,  
But I'll be happier with thee alone."

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“I, too, love you,” the happy girl replied,  
“I knew no love until you neared my side.  
But now my heart speaks love in wildest plea.  
Enthralls me with its love-born ecstasy.”

“Where once I smiled and sang in happiness.  
Contented with a mother’s fond caress,  
I’m now obsessed with loneliness replete,  
Unless I have my Julian Fern to greet.”

“But Fannie, I am poor, I must confess,”  
Her lover said, “it oft foils happiness.  
Although my heart is pleading, wed today,  
Success says wait ’till riches come your way.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“I’ve often thought to go to northern lands  
To try for treasure in the golden sands.  
Quick fortunes there by many have been made,  
Perhaps my own there waits my pan and spade.”

“The Klondike, Dawson and Alaska’s shores  
Are proven laden with the placer ores.  
’Tis true great hardships meet the miner there,  
But I have youth and health those tasks to bear.”

“And now of thee sweet kisses I implore,  
Love’s nectar tokens till we meet once more.  
I feel that I must hasten to that land  
Where wealth lies waiting in the golden sand.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Before my God, dear girl, I promise you  
I’ll love no other, but be ever true,  
And when success has come my anxious way,  
I’ll hasten back to urge the wedding day.”

“Time can’t efface the love my heart has known  
Since you were made the ruler of its throne.  
Nor gold, nor power ever once defame  
My steadfast love in doubting your fair name.”

### **PART THREE**

“At last,” mused Julian Fern, “I’ve landed here  
In Dawson City’s northern atmosphere.  
Of all the men here moving to and fro,  
There’s not one person that I seem to know.”



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“But hold, unless mine eyes my thoughts betray,  
My truest friend is hastening this way.  
'Tis Raymond Downe's tall, comely, noble form,  
Some worn by Father Time's defacing storm.”

“'Tis many years since I bade him adieu,  
We'd finished college, classmates firm and true.  
We roomed together, ate the selfsame food,  
We seemed to have almost the selfsame mood.”

“I'll hail him now, see if his memory  
Retains a place within its room for me.  
'Good evening, comrade, I've just landed here,  
I've wandered from the eastern lands of cheer.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

"I'm here as treasure seeker for a span,  
To see how many nuggets I can pan.  
Perhaps you know this country roundabout,  
And could suggest to me a mining route."

"Smith is my name, John Smith, a common name,  
And so far I have failed to bring it fame."

"Mine, too, is common, just plain Henry Brown,"  
Replied the stalwart miner, Raymond Downe.

"Six years I've washed the gravel in this land.  
And garnered nuggets from the frozen sand.  
I've grub-staked, too, a hundred men or more,  
To lift them onward to the golden ore."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“On their return have they but met success,  
They come to me with willing eagerness.  
With half their wealth, a rule grub-stakers hold,  
But, pshaw, I have sufficient of the gold.”

“I take my grub-stake coin, and, furthermore,  
I take about three ounces of their ore,  
To help defray the losses of the men  
Less fortunate, then stake them once again.”

“What country are you from? I, too, one time  
Spent much of life within an eastern clime.  
From Uncle Sam’s domains I made my way  
Into this land to seek the gravel pay.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“I knew a man back there about your size,  
With brown red hair like yours, and blue gray eyes.  
I thought you were the same, but no, the name  
If not the man, I know is not the same.”

“I come from Illinois, the Sucker state,”  
Spoke Julian Fern, “ ’Tis most a year to date.  
El Paso is the town where I was born,  
A place much noted for its fields of corn.”

“Its muddy streams, its husking bees and tramps,  
And, like myself, a host of worthless scamps.  
I am the youngest of our fam’ly tree,  
Also the least in manly quality.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“You do look like a scamp, I must confess,”  
Said Raymond Downe, “ ’Tis in your look and  
dress;

We miners show cold welcome to a knave,  
And rarely does this land disclaim his grave.”

“But, it is late, the sun is waneing low,  
And soon will shed his midnight golden glow,  
You’re comng home wth me, or else I vow,  
We’ll have a rough and tumble battle now.”

“You foxy rogue, to don the name of Smith,  
And treat our friendship as a fancied myth.  
You’d hardly landed, dear old college boy,  
Until my heart announced its sudden joy.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Of all mankind I long to welcome here  
Is you, dear friend, to fill my heart with cheer,  
But let us hasten home, sleep is required  
To soothe your nerves, for you are looking tired.”

In Dawson City, in the land B. C.  
The fifteenth day of July, in A. D.  
The year of Eighteen hundred ninety-three,  
To Fannie Verne, my soul's one poetry.

Dear Fannie—I am writing thee today  
A farewell line before I wend my way  
Into the wilderness and Arctic cold,  
To seek our fortune from the placer gold.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

I've just arrived in Dawson's mining town,  
And here I've met a friend, one Raymond Downe,  
Who made his fortune in the diggings near,  
And then turned pastor, and is preaching here.

He told me why he years ago left home,  
And in this land panned for the placer loam;  
He had long courted, loved a maiden fair,  
And she returned his love with ardent care.

"Go see my parents," timidly she said,  
When he had asked her if him she would wed.  
"My heart is yours, my soul is yours always,  
But, I much wish to have my parents say."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“For they’ve been kind to me through trying years,  
And I would do naught that would cause them  
tears.”

My friend was poor, her parents wealthy bred  
Would not consent their daughter he should wed.

They said to him, “Your morals are the best,  
Our daughter loves you, she has oft confessed.  
But where’s the home? Go, make a start in life,  
Then you may have our daughter for your wife.”

So Raymond Downe bid his loved one goodbye,  
Then hastened here, the mining work to try.  
The greatest speculation man can make  
Is quartz and placer mining for a stake.



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

My friend has changed so much since college days,  
He's quite another person in his ways,  
Where once he laughed and yelled with college  
    cheers,  
Behind his smile now seems unchallenged tears.

His once bright eye, that was of Heaven's blue,  
Seems listless now and of a duller hue.  
His once smooth forehead of a noble form,  
Is furrowed now by Time's destructive storm.

His midnight hair that used to ever be  
Enmassed in waves of silken quality,  
Is scattered now, a very few remain,  
And they are faded to a silver stain.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

His trim mustache, once black, is turning gray,  
His dark complexion only seems to stay.  
His giant form with many troubles dressed  
Stoops as a man with length of years depressed.

But young he is, a man of middle age,  
And as to learning, there are few more sage.  
A master statue with harsh care defaced,  
Bespeaks but poorly of the artist's taste.

Six years he's lived in this inclement land,  
Much he has garnered of the golden sand.  
Till now of riches he has ample store,  
Had I the half I would not seek for more.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

He made me promise, should success avail  
Me meager profits on the fortune trail,  
To use one-half his wealth, and then repay  
Sometime when smiling fortune came my way.

To his experienced mind is largely due  
What I shall take, what rugged route pursue.  
Things that I thought most useful on the trail,  
He's cast aside as lugs of no avail.

And now, dear girl, I'm bidding you adieu,  
My very soul is crying out for you.  
Goodbye, adieu, farewell, my Fannie Verne,  
Oh! may I greet you soon, Your Julian Fern.

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

### PART FOUR

One ev'ning at his home in Dawson town,  
Soliloquising thus, spake Raymond Downe;  
"When Juna Clare, upon love's blissful shrine  
Gave me her heart and promised to be mine,

"That was true bliss, but when her parents cold  
Demanded that I garner first of gold,  
Then joy departed, greed possessed my mind,  
To gain of wealth, the lure of all mankind."

"Oh, had I known when I from her did part  
That parting was death's dagger in her heart,  
I would have thrown ambition to the breeze,  
And begged forgiveness on my bended knees."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Though she is gone, and dreary years drag by,  
My heart’s despair is imaged in mine eye.  
The loss of love, whole, absolute and pure  
Is far too much for mortal to endure.”

“Since hearing that her spirit winged its flight,  
That moment turned my hopes to bleakest night.  
Since then a thought of love hath never formed  
Upon my heart, but grief hath rightly stormed.”

“Ah, Julian Fern, I still have faith in thee,  
Thou art a man of true fidelity.  
Oh, why didst thou not heed my one request,  
And share my gold to build thy wedding nest?”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Almost two years have journeyed since the time  
You ventured mining in this northern clime.  
But still no voice or written word portrays  
If health and wealth reward your lonely days.”

“Must I sit idle, all concern dispel  
About the future to return you well?  
No, even now I’ve waited far too long,  
I sense that something with my friend is wrong.”

“Come trusty rifle, you have served me well,  
And tided me o’er many a hungry spell.  
You too, old boat, prepare yourself to oar,  
Once more o’er waters you have rowed before.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“This day is Sunday, ere a week from now,  
I’m to the rescue of my friend, I vow.  
And, comrade, if you still have hope and health,  
I’ll bring you home and share with you my  
wealth.”

“How great is riches; how unjust it rules,  
And makes the strongest men submissive tools.  
It subverts nations with its golden rod,  
It makes the Clergy greater far than God.”

“Besides the Hell it foments here on earth,  
It builds a hell to greet our second birth.  
Our hell on earth is but a sample mild,  
Our real hell is when God meets his child.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“What superstition from the Clergy Clan  
Is inculcated on poor, thoughtless man.  
He blindly swallows all the things they say,  
Then fills their coffers with his hard-earned pay.”

“The Good Book says God is more loving, mild  
To man than parent ever to his child.  
Where is the parent for some sinful bane,  
Would burn his child for evermore with pain?”

“Yes, God is good, he waits with loving arm  
To guard, protect us from all future harm.  
For every soul according to his good  
He'll have a place in his grand unionhood.”



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“So, too, the ones we’ve loved upon this earth,  
We’ll meet again upon our second birth.  
Nor wealth, nor sorrow, avarice or crime  
Shall raise one grain upon the sands of time.”

### **PART FIVE**

“How long I’ve travelled o’er this rugged land,”  
Mused Julian Fern, “in quest of treasure sand.  
Long months I’ve labored with the pick and pan,  
And in that time I’ve seen no mortal man.”

“The golden treasure seems to thwart my toil  
In digging excavations in the soil.  
As the X-rays, had I as piercing eyes,  
Soon I should find wherein the treasure lies.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Gold in my dreams shines yellow on my mind,  
And more abundant is, nor hard to find.  
Such golden nuggets in my dreams I see,  
Those golden nuggets destined not for me.”

“But for my faithful predatory gun  
Grim hunger long ago my life had done.  
This year my rifle's bagged quite all my food,  
So, too, my clothing which I've made so crude.”

“Why do I labor in this drear domain  
For all my toil, where is reward or gain?  
What is my pay to reimburse these years?  
A woman's love oft made for many dears.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“The woman captivates with loving eyes  
The man she wishes for her heart’s great prize.  
He cheerfully pays tribute from his heart,  
And makes her queen supreme of beauty’s art.”

“He pledges vows; to him she is above  
All other women, just his own true love.  
For her he toils and labors might and main,  
While she oft favor shows another swain.”

“Still man is worse, a hundred times or more,  
He woos the maiden from lust’s boundless store.  
With words disguised, endearing plys his art,  
And soon the girl relinquishes her heart.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“He drags her down till she’ a maid of shame,  
Must countenance most any form of name.  
Her own sex scorn her, some perhaps as low,  
But more dissembling with their outward show.”

“The suasive man, the cause of her despair,  
He is proclaimed a hero everywhere.  
Both sexes laud him, women think him grand,  
And men extend to him a guilty hand.”

“Man often is supplied with dual mind,  
The one is evil, one for good inclined.  
How oft his kin the evil mind he shows,  
Condone on friendship and his good bestows.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Laugh and be gay, we’ve had too many tears,  
We need a world of laughing volunteers.  
Let’s laugh our world into a goodly place,  
And drive the worries from each human face.”

“Far down this mountain lies my Circle Lake,  
A river drains it from yon mountain break.  
There I shall go, mayhap a boat to man,  
And run the river for a goodly span.”

“Perchance, along the river’s rocky bed,  
Some of the nuggets I shall find instead.  
The wise say patience is man’s greatest boon,  
But man too often quits it oversoon.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“The sun rose slowly in the vaults above,  
And smiled his best upon his mother love.  
Upon the mounts where hoar frost fell as snow,  
He painted halos with his afterglow.”

“As up he climbed, his rays descended down,  
Till Circle Lake he gave a jeweled crown.  
The rocking ripples on the lake’s round form  
He scintillated like a diamond storm.”

“What grand imagery this lake retains,  
What lofty grandeur for some artist’s pains.  
So round the lake, so very like an eye,  
It views the mountains and the starry sky.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“All 'round about it where it drinks its fill,  
Roars mountain rivulet and brook and rill.  
Here raving rapids rush into the lake,  
There cataracts stupendous plunges take.”

“Like pencil drawings of the whitest snow,  
The foaming freshets mark their mountain flow.  
The rapid torrents, roaring thunders make,  
And spend their mighty powers in the lake.”

“From Circle Lake a thousand lofty peaks  
Show their white snow and glacier frozen cheeks.  
So like the white caps of a mighty sea  
Rolled up by winds of high velocity.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“One chasm cuts the mountain range complete,  
Neath bluffs and benches, nestles at their feet.  
From Circle Lake it starts its winding beat,  
Then sloping downward makes its long retreat.”

“A rushing river here begins its source  
From Circle Lake, and hurries on its course.  
The craggy chasm’s crooked, narrow bed,  
The river uses for its watershed.”

“On, on it rushes, wilder, louder roars,  
It splashes, dashes foam along its shores.  
Tears here a cedar in its maddened flight,  
Hurls there a log then plunges it from sight.”



## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Here, sinuous, it finds a level nest,  
Then gurgles softly for a little rest.  
Now swift, now slow, but ever moving on,  
Now pours its waters in the grand Yukon.”

“Back from the lake, some paces from its beach,  
Great massive cliffs, a lofty wall o'erreach.  
A cave divides the basement of the wall,  
Far winding back into a roomy hall.”

“The entrance small, with facing as for door,  
With the interior roomy more and more.  
Till far into its subterranean gloom  
Is carved a smooth, high, square and spacious  
room.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“At the far side, up through the ceiling wall,  
'Twixt the hard rock, a crevice round and small.  
Sufficed for chimney, op'ning far in height,  
It shows the Heavens with one star of light.”

Here Julian Fern devised his mining home,  
While digging nuggets from the sandy loam.  
For in the gravel at the river's head,  
Much gold he'd found upon its rocky bed.

Inside this cave one day he held deep muse,  
For months he'd mined here as a lone recluse.  
No news had he, no miner came his way,  
Upon his cabin wall he marked each day.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

A sandy beard descended o'er his breast,  
So long since by a razor it was dressed.  
His brown red hair rolled curly from his head,  
And in thick circles o'er his shoulders spread.

From the white bear his furry clothes were made,  
Tanned the inside, the fur outside was laid.  
His shoes the same, the fur was placed inside,  
Upon his head was cap of marten hide.

His calloused hands were bare and brown from toil,  
By his exertions in the placer soil.  
His furry dress had served times manifold,  
In keeping him immune from Arctic cold.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

Now by his side he viewed his golden store,  
Anon his thoughts flew to a distant shore.  
Back to a scene where ages like before,  
He'd left his love to mine the golden ore.

"To her great riches I would bring," I said,  
And I have panned it from wealth's fountain head.  
One hundred pounds of gold lies on the floor  
Of this staunch cave where wealth was ne'er be-  
fore.

"I've quite sufficient for a wedded life,  
Myself co-partner with a loving wife.  
As she is promised I shall man a boat,  
And, wedding bound, adown the river float."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“How strange is destiny, with deepest lore  
He guides the boat of life with reckless oar.  
How often when we think his boat will strand,  
With skillful eye he guideth it to land.”

### **PART SIX**

“I’m restless, mother, life that once was dear,”  
Spoke Fannie Verne, “now seems devoid of cheer.  
Since Julian Fern left for the treasure ore,  
I’ve longed to see his manly form once more.”

“’Tis nigh two years since from this valley land  
He went to pan the yellow golden sand.  
Far in the North he’s ventured for my sake,  
Far in the North a trip I’ll undertake.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

**“Yes, mother, I’ve been thinking much of late  
Of going to that clime to learn what fate  
Is his, or whether he yet, patient, seeks  
The golden nuggets in those rocky creeks.”**

**In vain the mother begged of her to stay;  
She told of hardships to impede her way.  
Described steep mountains and the Arctic cold,  
Of roaring rivers men explore for gold.**

**Of camp equipment needed in that land  
To keep her warm and free from hunger’s hand.  
“Nay,” said the daughter, “Cupid bids me go,  
And I should follow Cupid’s call I know.”**

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Now I’ll disguise me in the garb of men;  
A man I’ll be till I return again.  
I must away before another sun  
Hath warned the twilight that the day is run.”

“What inspiration is love solely true,  
For ardent love what dare we not to do.  
Great tasks colossal to the listless heart,  
Are dared and conquered when love takes its part.”

To Dawson City came one summer day,  
When Sol had traversed half his lofty way,  
A slender youth with wavy nut brown hair,  
With sky blue eyes and face so sweet and fair.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

So fair the artist could but draw in part  
A likeness of this youth of nature's art.  
Though as a man she now was snugly dressed,  
"A maid she is," some miner often guessed.

She entered Dawson's famous mining town,  
And quickly sought the pastor, Raymond Downe.  
For he would likely know where Julian Fern  
Had gone, or if he'd made his safe return.

The parson was at home, and now the maid  
Disguised, before him stood, and thus essayed  
To tell him why she sought an interview  
With him, she said, "I have a comrade true."



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“A friend of yours out here somewhere, and so  
I pray you tell me whither he did go.  
Fern, Julian Fern, that is my comrade’s name,  
And I have come afar to find the same.”

“Well do I know the person whom you name,”  
Responded the Divine of Dawson fame.  
“Two years are nigh since last I saw him stand  
Near where you are, when last he took my hand.”

“At my suggestion, his prospecting course  
He headed up the Yukon’s distant source.  
A trusty boat of serviceable kind,  
With camp equipment carefully was lined.

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

"Of some fair maiden much he had to say,  
She seemed to buoy his spirits day by day.  
And once he said to me, "Friend, when I'm gone,  
You count the months as they keep dragging on;

"Count till two years have passed, then if no word  
You've had from me, nor of me rumors heard,  
Then this small parcel kindly send away  
To the address where once I used to stay."

"There is a maiden there who then shall learn  
That fate, somehow, has thwarted Julian Fern.  
For if his promise to return has failed,  
'Tis then that fate adversely has prevailed."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“The parcel is addressed to Fannie Verne,  
And soon it must her hopes to sorrow turn.  
For the two years are here, and I, this day,  
Must send the letter on its saddened way.”

When Raymond Downe had this recital made,  
Too plainly then the maid her sex displayed;  
Tears, pent up tears, streamed from her weeping  
    eyes,  
Her heaving bosom welled with bitter cries.

“Oh, Julian Fern, pray tell me have you died,  
And will you never more be by my side?  
Oh, where is joy if you I’ll see no more,  
What can the future bring but sorrows store.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

"Oh, Mr. Downe, I am that Fannie Verne,  
Now seeking for her lover, Julian Fern.  
Pray do not send that parcel, it is mine,  
And to my heart its contents I'll assign."

The man replied, "You, you, his fiance,  
Prepared to travel o'er this rocky way?  
Prepared the dangers of your sex to face,  
To find your lover in this boundless space?"

"Of such as thee, of heroines we read,  
Of such as thee more mothers we have need.  
From such as thee is born our men of fame,  
From such as thee man justly gets the name."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Now lady, listen to good common sense,  
'Tis spoken by one with experience.  
Long there has burned within my roving heart  
A duty which to you I'll now impart.”

“I long have thought a helping hand to lend  
To Julian Fern, my one true faithful friend.  
A boon companion whom I must confess,  
I've longed and looked for with much eagerness.”

“All the recesses of this land I know,  
For game, for shelter I know where to go.  
Along her many streams much I have mined,  
And riches from the gravel I did find.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Experience, thou good but costly sage,  
Our bald, gray heads bespeak some of thy wage.  
How oft thy school from us deducting pay,  
Hath pulled some hairs, hath colored some with  
gray.”

“Here’s my suggestion, take my cottage home,  
And therein dwell while I these lands shall roam.  
Shall slowly traverse, find your lover boy,  
And bring him hither to renew your joy.”

“For you it must not be to climb these mounts,  
To struggle up the icy mountain founts.  
Exposure such as hardly miners share,  
It were but suicide to one so fair.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Nay,” said the lady, “I shall undertake  
This trip, he’s fought privations for my sake.  
And if you go to seek him I shall be  
Quite grateful for your welcome company.”

Spoke the Divine—“I shall not censure more,  
Although the trip I fear you’ll soon deplore.  
As you are firm, determined in your stand,  
For Julian Fern’s relief, you have my hand.”

“Now I shall haste our outfit to prepare,  
A boat I’ll take sufficient for time’s wear,  
And on the morrow we shall dip our oars,  
And row along the Yukon’s winding shores.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Time, precious time, however much we pray  
To have thee stop thy cycle for a day,  
That we might garner time, for time we’ve lost,  
Thy wheel keeps moving endlessly engrossed.”

### **PART SEVEN**

“What dizzy feelings, what malignant pain,”  
Commented Julian Fern, “now burns my brain.  
Must I, just when through toil I’ve garnered  
wealth,  
Yield as security my robust health?”

“God grant that if to sickness I’m confined,  
Death negligent shall leave my home behind,  
My fevered senses urge me now to write  
A message to send down this river’s flight.”



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

"I'll write the message, then shall wait to see  
What course the fever shall impose on me.  
If it burn mildly, I shall quickly mend,  
Should it grow serious, the note I'll send."

"'Tis strange when Fortune willingly unties  
Her golden bags to greet the greedy eyes,  
That sickness often lurks inside the purse,  
And robs the joy of riches with its curse."

"Oh, Mr. Downe," quoth Fannie Verne, "how long  
We've rowed the waters of the grand Yukon,  
But still no news of Julian Fern we find  
To give some solace to my worried mind."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

"We know not where to travel in this place  
His whereabouts to glean some meager trace.  
But look, my keen and ever watchful eye  
Detects some object that is drawing nigh."

"It is a boat, within it someone rides.  
See, he is rowing, and towards us glides.  
Perchance it is my lover on his way,  
To Fannie Verne to urge the wedding day."

"Hope is a nomad, wand'ring in his ways,  
Within one's heart for long he seldom stays.  
Pray hail the stranger( Mr. Downe, and learn  
If he has heard or knows of Julian Fern."

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

"Hold, neighbor, hold, some questions I would  
know,"

Hailed Raymond Downe, "before you onward go.  
What fortune crowned you in this mining sand,  
And how far were you in this rugged land?"

"And did you meet a miner anywhere,  
One Julian Fern who seeks the golden ware?"

"Ho, Raymond Downe, 'tis you," the man re-  
joined,

"Well, some success in treasure I have coined."

"A goodly bag of nuggets I have mined,  
Rich pay, I think, for one year's faithful find.  
Six days I've journeyed down this waterway,  
And this the seventh will have been today."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

"No miners have I met this country round,  
But, hold, a message I this day have found.  
An hour's rowing up this river's course,  
A sunken tributary has its source."

"This morn as I was slowly rowing by  
That stream, this note caught my observant eye.  
I scanned its gist, and would have hastened on  
To his assistance, but my food is gone."

"I have a cache some farther on where I  
Have ample food my larder to supply.  
Here is the message, Julian Fern, I trow  
Is suffering, and needs assistance now."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Oh, Mr. Downe, the message read I pray,”  
Cried Fannie Verne, “inform me of his say.  
Quick, read I pray, my hands now tremble so,  
And my eyes, too, are making friends with woe.”

“Come Fortitude, now in my hour of need,  
Thy services I now implore indeed.  
Be calm, sad heart, don't weep thyself away,  
But list to what your lover has to say.”

Thus ran the note—“If ever man should be  
The finder of this letter sent by me,  
May know that fever's fierce and fiendish form  
Is now besieging me with fiery storm.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“I have much gold I’ve panned within this land,  
And should I die to Raymond Downe’s just hand,  
I trust this gold, the man who takes it there,  
Will get the half as payment for his care.”

“The other half, well, Raymond Downe will know  
Just why I’ve mined and where the nuggets go.  
In case I died, I had my sweetheart say  
She’d take my gold to mourn our wedding day.”

“Here lies my camp, where lofty snow-capped  
peaks  
From frosty stations show their frigid cheeks,  
Where yawning canyons roaring freshets take,  
And dash their foaming torrents in the lake.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“A lake quite round with waters blue as sky  
Which heads a river in a chasm nigh.  
Just where the river from the lake recedes,  
Is blazed a trail which to my cave home leads.”

“My home is shaded by the scrubby pine,  
Huge cliffs o’erhanging decked with moss and vine.  
Now in this cavern on my restless bed  
I toss while fever burns my aching head.”

“Nor will the fever for a moment cease  
My heart to cheer, my mind a while to ease.  
Nay, if I combat with his cruel powers  
He reinforces and more dreadful towers.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“ ’Tis Julian Fern that sends this fevered note,  
It is enclosed within a wooden float.  
I trust it to this foaming river here,  
To speed it onward be my messenger.”

Mourned Fannie Verne, “We are too late, I fear.  
Death may be claimant to that heart so dear.  
Ha! haughty spirit, is your love pure, true,  
To drive a soul to death in loving you?”

“Come sad despair, go happiness away.  
If he is dead no joy with me can stay.  
But bitter sorrow, aye, profoundest grief  
Shall blot my future on life’s lonely leaf.”



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“E’en now methinks my lover dying lies.  
He is depicted to my weeping eyes.  
I see him lying on his failing bed,  
While fever, fiery fever, burns his head.”

“I see him grappling with the monster death,  
I see him struggling for another breath.  
I see his face so deathlike and so white,  
I see his body giving up life’s fight.”

“I hear him calling in delirious strain,  
I hear him calling Fannie Verne in vain.  
I hear him call with such pathetic tone,  
I am so sorry, oh my own, my own!”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“My own, my Julian Fern, you must not die,  
Keep life still shining in your blue gray eye.  
One struggle more and still another make,  
Pray do it for your lonely sweetheart’s sake.”

“Dear Lord, I pray, my lover let me see  
Alive, he’s suffered, oh so much for me.  
Come, Dr. Downe, let’s hurry on apace,  
One hope is mine, my lover’s living face.”

“One hope indeed, but fragile, feeble, small  
It I must nurse, or see it past recall  
Should that hope die, now buoying up my heart,  
I would my life that moment would’st depart.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Yes, gentle lady,” Raymond Downe agreed,  
“ ’Tis now for us to make our utmost speed.  
Each tardy muscle, all of strength’s reserve  
Must mobilize, our noble friend to serve.”

“Up, faithful boat, divide the waterway,  
The liquid barriers batter into spray.  
Be staunch firm oars, and bend unto thy task,  
To speed us onward is the boon we ask.”

“Foam, boil, ye waters, battle as ye may  
In raging contest ’gainst our passage way,  
But up we go, for I’ll devise some plan  
To force a passage o’er thy swiftest span.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Be cool dear lady, calm thy unstrung nerves,  
Else sickness might attack health’s strong re-  
serves.

Then when thy services were needed most,  
Thou wert not found responding at thy post.”

“The world’s a lottery, we plan our life  
To have our future free from bitter strife.  
Then fate appears with divers kind of foes,  
And all our careful planning overthrows.”

“So let’s be brave, although we lose or win,  
We gain no plaudits harping our chagrin.  
Man often tires of misfortune’s grind  
Expatriated by a ceaseless mind.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Dame Nature grows her flowers everywhere.  
They shed their fragrance freely to the air.  
Could we not make our lives as sweet as they  
If we would brush our worries quite away?”

“Grand, wondrous nature, thou art good indeed,  
Thou hast been mindful of our ev’ry need.  
Thou hast arranged thy art for man’s own use,  
And yet he oft against thee rails abuse.”

“How good and loving is Almighty God.  
He punishes our sins with gentle rod.  
Nor any clergy can one jot defame  
By making him a partner in their shame.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Aha! the burrowed stream we’re looking for,  
I see it foaming, hear its muffled roar.  
There we shall rest until another day  
Renews our strength to scale its rocky way.”

I’ve traced this hidden river to its head.  
Explored the lake, and panned the river’s bed.  
Without mishap ten days and we shall land  
Where Julian Fern has mined the treasure sand.”

“Oh, had we wings, before the dark of night  
Had forced the hazy evening glow to flight,  
We’d be beside our fever-stricken friend  
With eager aid his feeble life to mend.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“At last, dear lady, we at last have found,”  
Quoth Raymond Downe, “the very mining ground  
Where Julian Fern has worked so patiently  
That married life might more of leisure be.”

“Here are the scenes of which his message speaks,  
There are the mountains with their snowy cheeks.  
Here is the river’s head, and over there  
Is where he’s labored for the golden ware.”

“Here is the lake walled in by rugged mounts,  
And nourished by the many mountain founts.  
Quite nearly round, and nestled far below  
The dizzy mountains and the glacier flow.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL





## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Here are some blazes and a beaten road,  
They surely lead into his cave abode.  
Yes, here’s the cave, some voice I also hear,  
It is our friend, delirious, I fear.”

“My Fannie Verne, Oh, will you come to me,”  
Moaned Julian Fern, “those eyes pray let me see.  
Your lily face to me so wondrous fair,  
Will it e’er greet me in my cavern lair?”

“Your rosy lips, ere my demise will they  
Touch mine again, and will your heart then say  
My Julian Fern, my lover only mine,  
I’ve come afar to tell thee I am thine.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Would you then calm the aching of my brain,  
Cool, ease the fever’s fast consuming pain.  
Cheer, clear my mental faculties again,  
And tell me that my love was not in vain?”

“Ha, lonely cave, thou talkest back to me,  
My feeble mutterings in mockery.  
Canst thou not close that echo voice of thine?  
’Twere pure gold unto this soul of mine.”

“Oh, would thou wert receiving graphophone,  
Then I’d repeat to thee, my thoughts alone,  
So if my sweetheart talked to thee some day,  
She then would know I talked of her away.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

The maiden quickly gained her lover's side,  
And speaking thus, "Awake, awake," she cried,  
"Awake, my lover, clear your fevered brow,  
For Fannie Verne is here to nurse you now."

"Arouse thy spark of life, so very low,  
And cheer my heart so friendly now with woe.  
Renew my joy thy love was wont to bloom,  
And smooth away its faintest trace of gloom."

"Oh! joy, you move, you wake, and can you trow  
Who weeps for joy is kneeling near you now?  
Oh, dost thou hear, and knowest not the voice  
That used to ever make thy heart rejoice?"

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“What sounds,” quoth Julian Fern, “I seem to  
hear,

Heart thrilling music of a soul grown dear.  
Like some loved strain of music muffled long  
That’s burst its bonds and floods the heart with  
song.”

“Swells; thrills! entrances with its melody.  
Makes ev’ry heart-beat pulsate ecstasy.  
Go! Fever, go! that voice or dream of balm  
Hath cooled my brow, hath soothed my mind to  
calm.”

“Was it some wand’ring of my restless mind,  
Or this some person now by me outlined?  
Or have I passed the mortal state of earth,  
And this fair form greets my immortal birth?”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Strange, the first being there to welcome me  
Is a true likeness of my fiancée.  
I pray thee, madam, tell me where I stand,  
Am I on mortal or immortal land?”

“If on immortal, I am Julian Fern,  
If it is mortal, you are Fannie Verne.  
There’s just one form enshrined within my heart,  
’Tis Fannie Verne, she has no counterpart.”

Spoke Fannie Verne, “my lover, only mine,  
Far I have come to tell you I am thine.  
Long I have traveled in this rocky way,  
With one soul hope to find my love one day.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“He sleeps again, or is it his demise?  
Come ministering angels of the skies,  
Extend thy help, the mortal life renew  
Of Julian Fern, or kindly take me too.”

“I think he knows, or feels, that I am here,  
There was a moment when his mind seemed clear.  
And then the love that shone within his eyes  
Was not unlike a perfect paradise.”

The sun burst forth upon the mountain peaks  
And spread his diamond sparks upon their cheeks.  
Climbed higher, higher on his daily way,  
Down mountain canyon sent his slanting ray.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

In Circle Lake he viewed his face of gold,  
Bathed here at leisure in its waters cold.  
Old Morpheus stole silently away,  
And Nature wakened to the task of day.

Three persons from their homing cavern near,  
This Circle Lake waked with the morning's cheer.  
Four weeks had passed since faithful Fannie Verne  
Had come to succor health to Julian Fern.

How well she had succeeded now was seen,  
Shown by his agile step, his robust mien.  
His face now beamed with health's contagious  
light,  
Defeated fever long had taken flight.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

Upon this day they'd planned to start for home,  
And leave this clime of gold's alluring loam.  
But now, alas, on Raymond Downe's wan face,  
Ill health too plainly formed a flushing place.

For days he had been wrestling with a chill,  
But never mentioned of his being ill.  
Upon this morn his feelings he confessed,  
And to the lovers these sad words addressed.

"My friends, before the sun has made his way  
In full announcement of another day,  
Old Father Time the conqueror of strife  
Will come to claim his legacy, my life."



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“I dreamed last night, methought I dying lay  
Within this cave, nor could I get away,  
Until a Spirit Being came anear,  
And soothed my soul’s excited, morbid fear.”

“I thought ’twas Juna Clare, but was not sure,  
A mist or veiling made the form obscure.  
This premonition means I soon shall go  
Into a world more beautiful to know.”

“To Julian Fern I’ve willed my garnered wealth,  
I’d had forewarning of my failing health.  
No relatives I have, so you will find  
My deed to Julian Fern all drawn and signed.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Just twenty thousand dollars I still hold,  
'Tis stored in Dawson City, all in gold.  
Full half a million dollars found my pan,  
I used nigh all to help my fellow man.”

“Ha, wealth, cruel wealth, the evil of our land,  
What hosts of toilers suffer by thy hand.  
Thou hast made palaces and millionaires  
And they've enslaved the toilers for their wares.”

“Now, I must bend unto my lowly bed,  
And let the fever burn my aching head.  
It needs must be ere long my mortal life  
Will by the fever leave this world of strife.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Friends, in this cave let my lone body lie,  
My spirit to another world shall fly.  
I’ve lived my life, a worthless, useless life,  
And I am glad I’m parting with its strife.”

“Grim Death, we tremble at thy awful grave,  
We watch Time’s harvest fill thy boundless cave.  
We see our friends fall neath his sure stroke,  
Yet till we’re sick thy tomb is but a joke.”

“Ah, sinful men, why, why pollute your hands,  
Why make a desert out of fruitful lands?  
Why sell your souls in doing wrong on earth.  
And make all barren your eternal worth?”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

Shame, womankind, of the immoral place,  
How so emboldened at thy low disgrace.  
Somewhere a father mourns thy tainted name,  
Somewhere a mother's weeping at thy shame.

Thou smooth dissembler of religion, thou,  
Who at the church wilt make a pious vow,  
Professing all the Gospel's sacred laws,  
And laud them on the Sabbath for thy cause.

"Then through the week, do all thou canst to wrong  
Some small offender with thy sland'rous tongue.  
His small offence with gossip magnify,  
Add to an ant-hill till it meets the sky."

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Thou who wouldst give thy neighbor some small  
thing,

Then of that present thou afar wouldst sing.

Dost think that thou shouldst have of gratitude?

Thy gossip hath despoiled thy manna food.”

“Thou, when a man hath wandered deep in sin

Hath mourned those faults on morals wouldst  
begin.

For thou to spurn him, scandal him till sore

He stoops reluctant in his past once more.”

“How easy 'tis for us to magnify

A scum, though little, in our neighbor's eye,

While cataracts may quite obscure our sight,

Still we profess our vision's clear and bright.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Thou who are married, hath a loving wife,  
Who hath left all to share with thee her life,  
To go, neglect her, soil thy sacred trust,  
Seek other women in thy search for lust.”

“Hypocsisy, thou venomed fanged snake,  
Thy slimy mass hath cunning in its make,  
Bite while thou canst, 'tis but a day foresooth,  
When Death shall take thee, pull thy fanged  
tooth.”

“Dear Lord, to Thee I trust my fleeting soul.  
Take it, oh take it to thy promised goal.  
Where life anew, immortal, ever smiles,  
Nor knows the sorrows that the earth beguiles.”

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Take me to where angelic minstrels play  
Their saintly music with celestial lay.  
Where songs, sweet songs in Paradise always  
Thrill with God’s love for his great family.”

“Cold Death, what fears mankind assigns to thee,  
In awed suspense he shuns mortality,  
Till caged and cornered he contends with thee,  
He finds thou art God’s kindest agency.”

“What do I see to me approaching near?  
'Tis Juna Clare in raiment wondrous dear.  
A smile of recognition lights her cheeks,  
Her starry eyes eternal love bespeaks.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Her angel face, all radiant and blessed  
Tells joys infinite of eternal rest.  
The planets pale before her gorgeous sight,  
The sun himself reflects a feebler light.”

“Give me, my angel sweetheart, your chaste hand,  
Else I might lose the way to your fair land.  
Ah, we now fly, you are my angel guide,  
And soon you say you’ll be my angel bride.”

Mourned Julian Fern, “our friend has passed  
away,  
His soul has gone unto his judgment day.  
How oft it is the ruling Hand above  
Swoops down and takes the ones we dearly love.”



## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Where can we find a heart like his so pure,  
Where can we find one with a friendship truer?  
Not till the soul of mortal leaves this earth,  
And enters Heaven for immortal worth.”

“Oh, let us hasten from this lonely place.  
Grief bids us leave his calm and peaceful face.  
Yet ere we go, in memory’s behalf,  
Upon his tomb we’ll write his epitaph.”

“This rocky cave, my placer mine abode,  
That faces where grand scenery’s bestowed,  
The dust of Raymond Downe we’ll here inter,  
And write memoriam on his sepulcher.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

Wrote Julian Fern—"Here lies within this cave  
The dust of Raymond Downe, a comrade's grave.  
He was the noblest man that earth could boast,  
Of friends to mourn him he had left a host."

"He shunned the rich, his comrades were the poor,  
His noble acts were known from door to door.  
No one e'er suffered if he chanced to hear,  
If gold or kindness could the troubles clear."

"Religion held him for a goodly part,  
And smiled its blessings from his pious heart.  
Men came from far to hear him talk of God,  
And how death was His sin correcting rod."

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

“Minds long conflicting with the Gospel laws  
Would change, believing, when he plead God’s  
cause.

He taught them Hell was but a man-made myth,  
A wicked means for gleaning treasure with.”

“He infused cheer into the heart grown sad,  
And tutored morals to the heart grown bad.  
He taught them love, the good Samaritan,  
Was close to Godliness for mortal man.”

“The dying smiled when e’er he came to shed  
The Gospel blessings on their dying head.  
The holy spirit seemed to settle ’round,  
Where e’er the presence of this man was found.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Aye, God himself took of his goodly hand  
To find this pastor taking God’s true stand,  
But now he’s gone, within this cave is made  
His tomb, wherein his sleeping form is laid.”

“Now, Fannie dear, let’s haste away from here,”  
Quoth Julian Fern, “for now it seems more drear  
Then when alone without a soul to hear,  
I talked and gossiped with the atmosphere.”

“Yes, let’s away,” the lady then replied,  
As she stod weeping by her lover’s side,  
“Our friend has gone, we cannot help him more,  
So let us hasten to our homing shore.”

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

### PART EIGHT

The moon peeped o'er a southern mountain line,  
And on a valley northward seemed to shine,  
Where Kootenai Valley opened far and grand,  
And to the northward spreads its fertile land.

Far, farther still, till Britain's vast domains  
Joins sisterly with Idaho's rich plains,  
Tonight the moon shows her becoming dress  
All silv'ry white and full with loveliness.

Why does she shine so gorgeously tonight,  
And why the stars all twinkle clearest light?  
Perhaps the breeze had sent by rapid flight  
News to the planets of this wedding night.

## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

And now the organ's wedding melody  
Burst forth in rapture from each singing key.  
Adown the aisle as marching hand in hand,  
To where the parson has his sacred stand.

All wreathed in smiles is blushing Fannie Verne,  
And by her side the bridegroom, Julian Fern.  
And Mary Verne was with them this grand day  
To give her daughter, Fannie Verne, away.

Beside the parson they now smiling stand,  
The rites commence, the parson lifts his hand.  
One hand upraised, one on God's Gospel word  
In gentle accents now his voice is heard.

## THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL

“Is it your heart’s desire, Julian Fern,  
To wed this maid beside you, Fannie Verne?  
Said Julian Fern, “it is my heart’s one vow,  
To marry Fannie Verne beside me now.”

He then addressed the maiden, Fannie Verne,  
Is it your wish to marry Julian Fern?  
Said Fannie Verne, “it is my wish to be  
In wedlock joined to him, my fiance.”

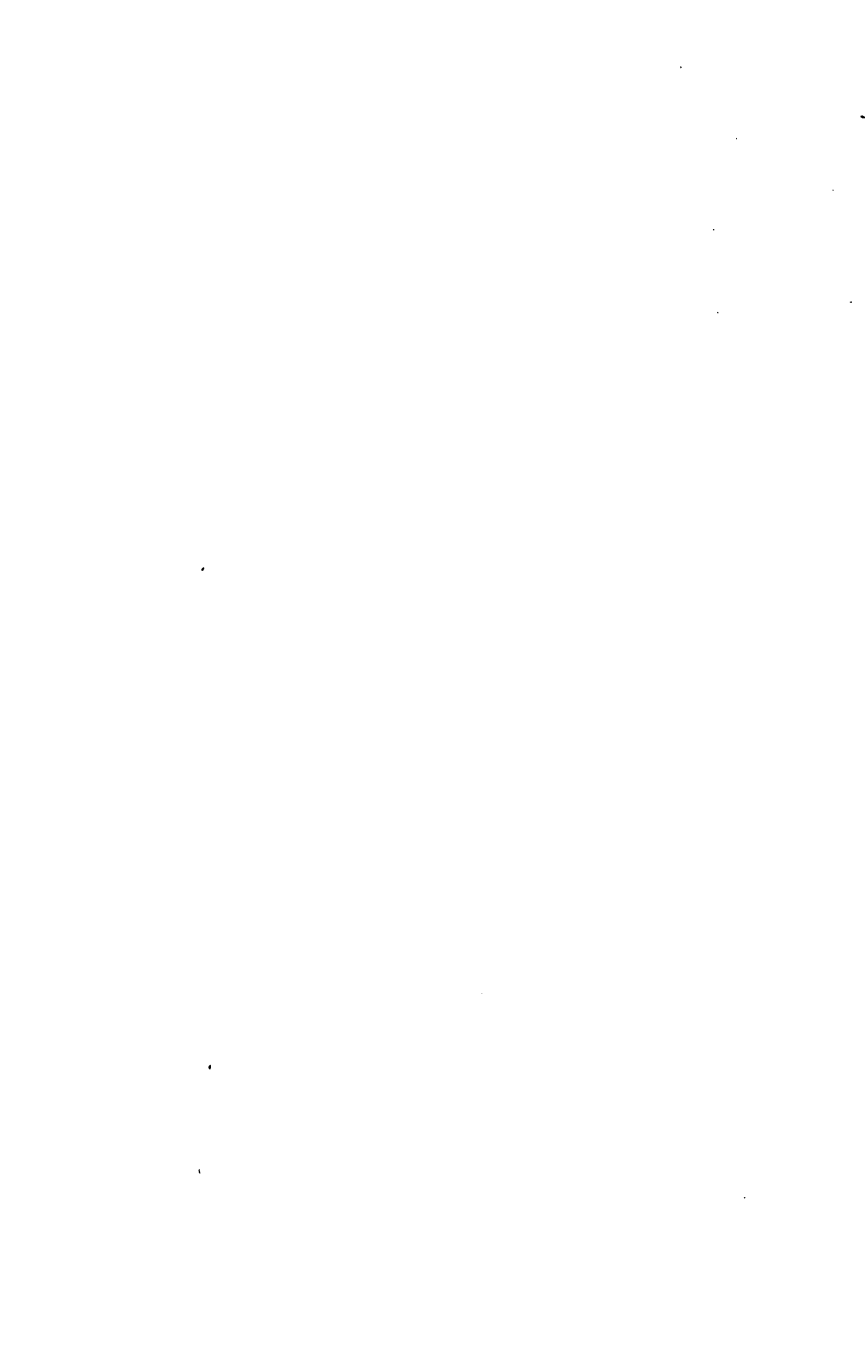
“So be it then,” the parson made reply,  
“What God’s united, let not man deny.  
I now upon this Book of future life,  
Proclaim you two united man and wife.”

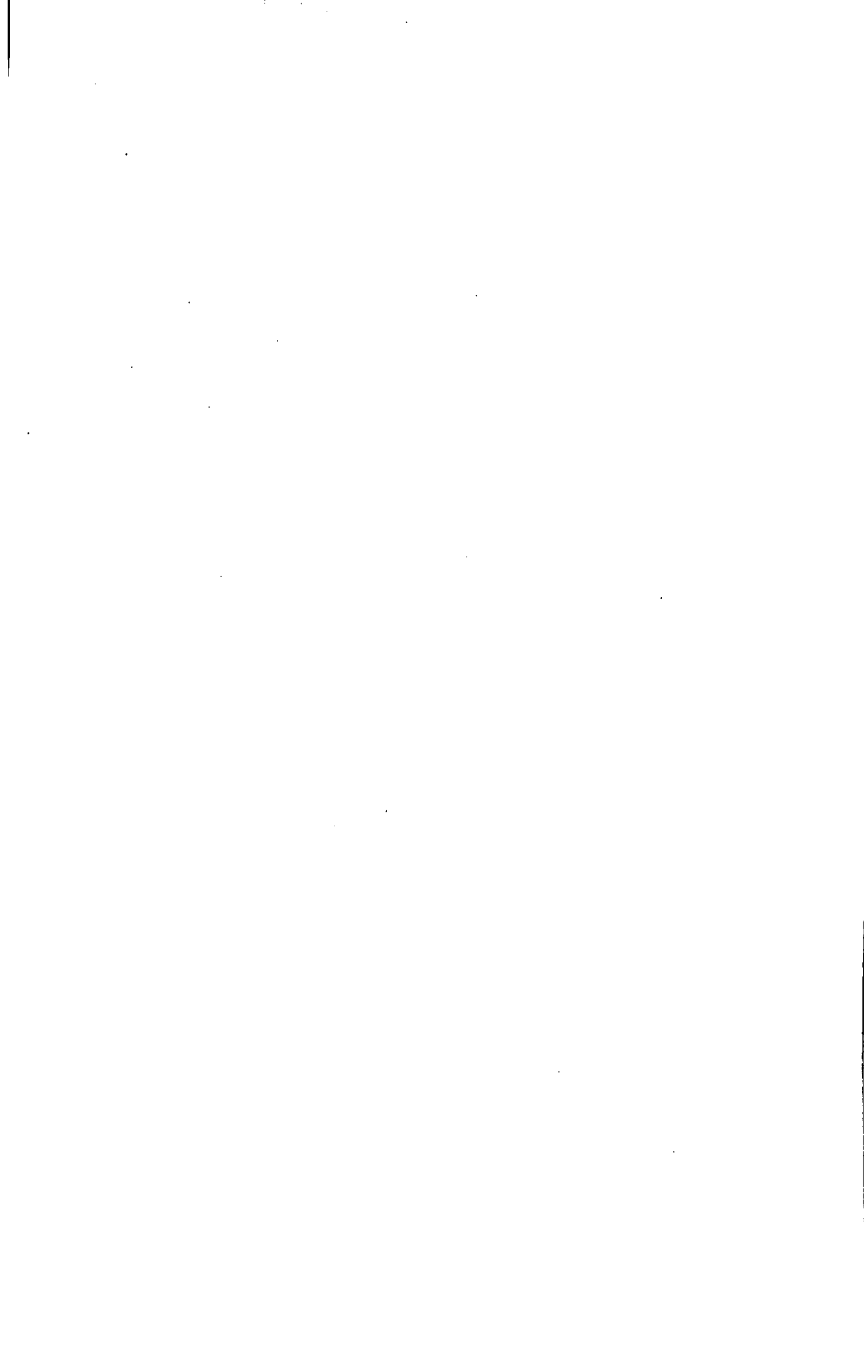
## **THE LEGEND OF THE KOOTENAI TRAIL**

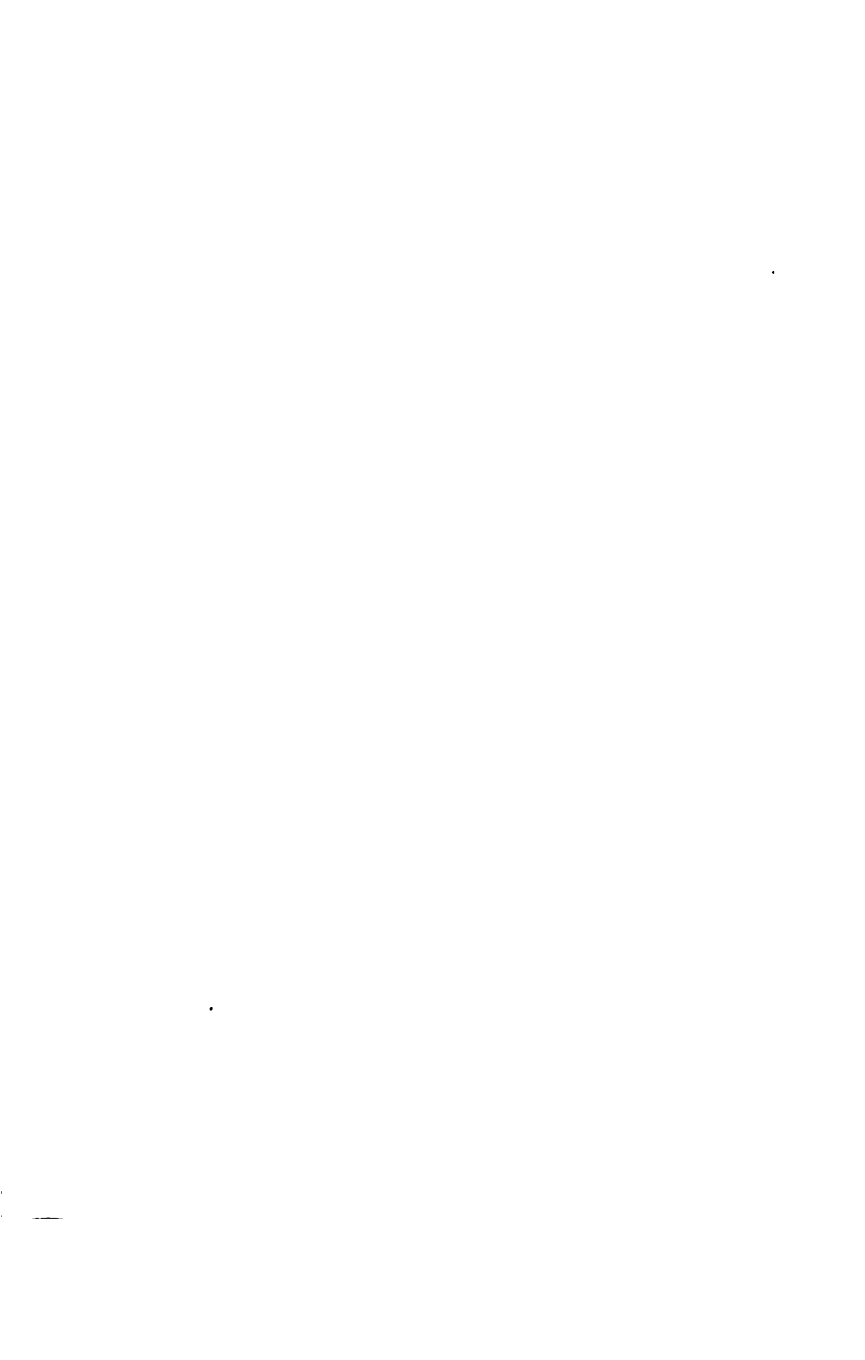
Now we'll congratulate and step aside,  
We've seen the wedding of this groom and bride.  
We leave them now with wishes of the best,  
Long life and happiness with children blessed.



















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